

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



THE RESCUE.

CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XXI.—PURSUIT.

TO Rudolph's accompaniment of yelping and barking, Hope found herself borne up the shelving bank by the strong arm of her unknown deliverer. Whoever he might be, he was evidently intimate with Rudolph, and, from that circumstance, she judged him to belong to the hotel. Stranger or servant, he then possessed her deepest gratitude.

She was found, she was safe; the dreadful night to be passed in continued alarm, or hard struggling for composure, was over, and she should now be restored to her friends. Joy, or rather the restful feeling of having nothing more to desire, succeeding the long tension of the nerves, left her weak and inert. Her physical power collapsed, and, when placed on her feet, on reaching the top of the acclivity, she was unable to stand. She tottered and fell, and was immediately picked up by one of a group of three,

who were waiting for her. The voice that addressed her was familiar, and soon, by the light of the lantern he carried, she recognised Mr. Hauser, the landlord of Bellerive, who explained that they had been looking for her for some hours, and would have continued the search for hours longer if Rudolph had not discovered her. Even while he was speaking, Hope, inexpressibly relieved, and unable to subdue the sudden revulsion of feeling, clung to his arm and sobbed aloud. The strain was relaxed, and with it went the self-control she had been so long labouring to maintain.

Mr. Hauser, homely but not rough, felt himself what might be called unequal to the occasion; he wished to console the young lady, but did not know how to set about it. Hitting upon a few self-evident facts, he informed her that she was found, and that he was near her, and that she would not be lost again that night; and was, moreover, quite relieved when Rudolph, setting up a barking, bounded forward to meet another group advancing towards them, their figures distinctly seen in the moonlight, while the lanterns they carried appeared like tiny sparks. Shrill cries and joyous notes were immediately exchanged, prolonged until the two parties met, when from out of a Babel of sounds, to which Rudolph mainly contributed, Hope heard her own name, and recognised the voice.

"Poor little girl! where have you been all this time? so cold and frightened, too," said Captain Ashworth, taking her from Mr. Hauser, who, greatly relieved by the prospect of resigning his charge, said, eagerly, that her countryman was the best person to take care of her. "I suppose you lost your way coming down from the Castle; you should not have permitted the boy to leave you. Where was she found?"

Captain Ashworth, accepting the charge Mr. Hauser was so anxious to make over to him, had drawn Hope's cold gloveless hand through his arm, and finding her unwilling or unable to talk, began making inquiries of those around her. They could only point down the precipitous bank to the spot where she was discovered resting on the stump of a tree, and where, but for the dog's sagacity, she might have spent the weary hours till morning. His first feeling was an uncomfortable twinge of conscience. The thoughtlessness with which he had left her to the care of an ignorant boy, who had no sense of responsibility, when he might have reconciled all difficulties by proposing to accompany her to the Castle another day; the easy indifference with which, taking for granted that she would be safe, he had dined, and let the hours go by, distressed him. He wondered at himself, and was more surprised that the young girl did not reproach him for unmanly neglect, than at her present silence, and the passive manner in which she yielded to the arrangements made for her. His mind taking a backward leap, he regarded her just then as the little pet and playmate of some of his earlier visits to Tarleton.

"What a selfish brute I am!" was perhaps the first salutary thought he had had for some time. "If any serious accident had happened to her, how could I have answered for myself, either to her mother or mine?"

The proposition to move forward being made, a doubt arose as to whether the young lady could walk. The stalwart young man, called Fritz, who had already rescued her from her uncomfortable posi-

tion, now offered to carry her again until some means of conveyance could be obtained from the village. But Hope declining the offer, Captain Ashworth bade him precede with the lantern, and hold it close to the ground when the path was rough or the moonlight insufficient.

"And your gloves," said Captain Ashworth, removing her hand from his arm, his height not helping her so much as a hand-to-hand clasp, "what have you done with them?"

"I don't know," said a very feeble voice.

"You are not able to walk?"

"I think I am."

After these few words, they continued their way down the hill in silence, neither party, though for very different reasons, being inclined to talk. Hope was the first to speak.

"What o'clock is it? Is it late?"

Piers stopped immediately, opened his watch, and taking the lantern from Fritz, held them both before her.

"Only a little after eleven," said Hope; "I thought it was much later. Oh, what a long, long night I should have had if Rudolph had not found me."

The small plaintive voice said no more, but awakened in Piers a feeling of pain as if something had hurt him. He again took her cold, passive hand within his, and they continued to descend, following, as quickly as her strength permitted, the party a-head, who were gone forward to prepare a *chaise-a-porteur* from the village.

The flash of the lantern on the watch had revealed more than the hour on its dial. It had fallen on Hope's face, which looked both worn and sad, without a vestige of its habitual cheerful sweetness. Shocked at this revelation of fear and suffering which he might have spared her, he saw more clearly the selfish disregard of others in which he had been living. His sullen self-indulgence, pursued by way of indemnification for some of the hard blows so unjustly dealt to him, as his morbid state of mind designated his trials and misfortunes, appeared now in a less venial light. He knew also that he had not been kind to his mother's little favourite, who not only had testified no resentment, but had never faltered in her behaviour towards him, which was ever gentle and considerate.

"She is a strange little thing," he said to himself, and began to wonder if she were alive to all the unkindness his neglect represented. From her present manner little could be gathered. After those few words of plaintive lament, she relapsed into silence, and her hand lay helpless in his grasp. If he withdrew his own to lift her over any difficult part, she replaced it mechanically as soon as the path became smooth again.

Piers wished he could tell her that, having conducted Ada to the hotel, he had immediately turned back to look for her. That was so evidently the proper thing to do, that he became more and more surprised at his shortcomings. The ugly fact of sitting quietly down to dinner, assuring both Mrs. Stanmore and Miss Lester that the road was too straight and easy for there to be any cause of uneasiness, vexed and shamed him. Penitent now as he had before been indifferent, he guided and assisted her with the most tender care; but his own share in the disaster distressed him. Carelessness had rendered him inapprehensive. Not till Beltoz

just as dinner was ended, informed them that the donkey-boy was at work in the yard, did he rouse himself from his indolence. The lad when questioned had little to tell, only that the lady had given him permission to come down to his work, and that he had left her sitting on the broken wall.

It was too obvious that she had lost her way, however improbable that had at first appeared. The hotel now was soon astir. A party, composed of the most intelligent men in the house and on the farm, was organised at once to go in search of her, headed by Mr. Hauser and Captain Ashworth; but, hurry as they would, it always takes time to collect several persons together. It was already dusk when, furnished with lanterns and alpenstocks, the little party were fairly started. By dividing and taking different routes, after crossing the bridge, with an agreement to meet at the summit, the two parties pursued their way, calling to each other from time to time in the peculiar bell-like cry of the country, for the double purpose of communicating their whereabouts, and also of cheering the young girl with the prospect of approaching help, if she happened to be within hearing. Hope was not far from the green slopes in distance, but to her unpractised foot the high bank interposed an impassable barrier, so that but for Rudolph's sagacity she would most probably have remained on her perch till morning, and must then have made a long and fatiguing détour in order to gain the road. It did not escape Captain Ashworth's ear that Hope had named Rudolph as her deliverer. He thought she intended it for a rebuke, and observed in a tone almost deprecatory,—

"There were many looking for you, besides Rudolph."

"Yes," answered the weak voice.

"Hope," resumed Piers, stopping and looking compassionately down upon the uncomplaining little figure he was assisting, "you seem very tired, let Fritz carry you; he is as strong as an ox, and would make no more of your weight than a soldier would of his knapsack."

"I think I can walk," was the meek rejoinder.

He remembered the pale, troubled face she had lifted up to look at the watch, and asked, "Were you alarmed, really frightened? It is true it became dark; but you might have felt certain that you would be sought for. Did the time appear very long?"

"Oh, so long, and yet it is only eleven o'clock now. Had I known then how many hours must pass before the morning came, what should I have done? I could not sleep, I am sure I should not have slept; and to sit there, watching the moonlight, and the mysterious shadows creeping about me, and with such a horrible fear. Oh, it was dreadful. If it had come again I should have rolled into the ravine with terror."

"It—what are you speaking of? Surely, surely," Captain Ashworth stood still with surprise, "surely, Hope, sensible as you are, Belton has never succeeded in inoculating you with her fears; your imagination has never—"

"It was no imagination," interrupted the young girl, with a perceptible shiver; "it was real, a real living creature. It moved, it walked, it thrust its hideous face close to mine."

A sudden cry came through the air, causing Hope to start and creep closer to Piers, who instinctively threw his arm round her as he spoke.

"Don't be alarmed, it is only your bearers making known their approach. They are bringing a *chaisse-porteur* to carry you home."

With a kind of swinging trot, two men came up the hill, and before Hope could comprehend her companion's meaning they were by her side, and the chair was lowered for her to get in.

"You must not go so unprotected through the night air," observed Captain Ashworth; and taking off the thin overcoat he wore, he put it upon Hope, notwithstanding the opposition she offered. Buttoning it round her as close as he could, and having by the aid of Fritz's lantern settled her comfortably in the chair, he ordered the men to bear her home quickly, desiring Fritz to accompany them.

Overtaking Mr. Hauser, he drew him aside, related what Hope had told him, and asked what she could have seen to cause her so much alarm.

"No doubt it was Botto," replied the landlord.

"And who is Botto?"

"A miserable crétin, who lives with his mother in the forest. He is generally harmless, but sometimes, after being hunted and tormented by the village boys, he becomes malicious and wicked. His mother is an evil-minded woman; she hates everybody, and delights to vent her vexation at having such a son upon her fellow-creatures, by numberless unkindnesses whenever she has the chance. She is supposed to be a sorceress, to bewitch cattle, and cause them to stray away or die, and really lives by the gifts of the ignorant villagers around, who, believing in her power, endeavour to propitiate her. If the young lady fell in with them, she had something to frighten her, for Botto is a sad object, and his mother a wicked old crone."

"Poor little girl!" murmured Captain Ashworth, with increasing commiseration as he listened to Mr. Hauser, and remembered the pale wan face, whose eyes were scarcely raised from the ground.

"Ah, you may well say so, for I am sure she was well frightened. I wonder the commune don't send the woman away; she does not belong to this place at all."

"He might frighten, but your Botto would not, I suppose, hurt the young lady?" observed Captain Ashworth.

"I don't know; that depends upon whether he got hold of her. The wretched creature once nearly killed a child. Its cries happily attracted some one to the spot where Botto was found in the act of torturing it."

Piers shuddered. Hope was his mother's darling, dear to her as he was himself, or nearly so, and he had exposed her to danger he feared to think of. He walked home, plunged in reflections that had not hitherto presented themselves to him. What profit had he drawn from that persistent spirit of rebellion in which he brooded over the disappointments he had undergone, yet, which fairly weighed, were lighter than those of many others? What was he better than Hope, whom he affected to condemn, this heroic little creature, who made no complaint, nor uttered the rebuke his selfishness had merited? Nay, when their relative advantages were considered, what was he better than the poor ignorant mother, who, because her son was born to a dead or blighted existence, became wicked and spiteful to her neighbours? In a similar manner, if not in such an exaggerated degree, had he not dwelt upon the inequalities of life, comparing his trials with the

successes of others, until, his temper soured and his spirit moody, the intelligence given him to accomplish some manly purpose had become narrowed and darkened? There was more humiliation in Piers Ashworth's heart that evening than he had ever known in his whole life before. His mother's counsels, enforced by example as well as precept, he knew to be good, calculated, if followed, to lead to a noble life; but, like many a son blessed with the sound instructions of a pious parent, he had put them aside, not to be controverted, but to be forgotten and neglected.

Little he thought that the subjects she was so anxious for him to consider, and he equally determined to avoid, would be forced upon him by so simple a process as daily intercourse with the two juvenile members of the family circle into which he was transplanted, while seeking to benefit his health by change of air and scene. Yet so it was; in their different ways each did him good by exhibiting a phase of character superior to his own.

Ada Lester was to him a perpetual riddle. More tried than himself, she was habitually cheerful, expressing thankfulness for the blessings she enjoyed at the very time he was secretly pitying her for the absence of those of which her state of health deprived her. She spoke of her stay here as being a small portion of time that must soon end, and her departure hence as many do of a journey to be performed. He could not gainsay her testimony, nor dismiss it from his mind, as he would once have done with the favourite pass-word "Bosh," used so often by the ignorant and unthinking. Nor could

he hear her frequently expressed trust in her Saviour without a full conviction that she felt all she said, and that her religion was a beautiful reality, that the hopes which sustained her were as certain in her eyes as the doom read in the brilliant hectic flush so often on her cheek, in the hollow outline, and in the wearied frame, was in the eyes of others. Like a flower withered at the root, she was fading slowly and surely, unconsciously reading him a daily lesson he had hitherto been unwilling to learn. The fragile, delicate girl put him to shame. Returning vigour had not inspired him with one genuine sentiment of thankfulness, yet the life spared to him was dear, very dear it appeared when contrasted with the dim burning torch that was soon to be extinguished in another. His injured sight—for the first time Piers admitted to himself that he ought to be grateful for having one eye preserved when he might have been irremediably blind. He was capable of entering into the battle of life, that is, he had vigour enough for continuous occupation. But there now arose in his mind a dim perception of another combat, which afterwards became clearer as the mists raised by prejudice and unreasoning displeasure died away. He had to fight himself. He longed for work, to be one of the labourers in the world's broad field. Did he know that the hardest warfare, the most arduous struggle, and the noblest victory, if achieved, was open to him? Yes, and to the humblest of those who crowd along life's pathways. Did he believe that if one door to happiness is no longer open, there is ever another ajar which can only be closed by ourselves?

EASTERN MUSIC.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

THE subject of Eastern Music is one of very great interest, not only as regards its antiquity as the most ancient music in the world, but also in an ethnological point of view, which is perhaps of more importance. The way in which sensations of thought are expressed by modulations of the human voice is one of the characteristics of races. The most barbarous nations are possessed of some kind of music, and as Dr. Dieffenbach observes, "it will belong to the Ethnological Society to collect the materials for a comparative music of the races of man; materials which, of course, must be written in music's own character—in notes."

A great difficulty exists in procuring correct copies of these ancient melodies. Travellers are seldom experienced musicians enough to write down a melody accurately. And with regard to Eastern music the task is rendered especially difficult from its peculiar construction and expression, and the circumstances under which it is frequently heard. From what we have seen, the tunes collected by travellers in the East are most incorrectly transmitted to paper. Indeed, what are we to expect when one of them—Sir William Jones—who has written on "The Musical Modes of the Hindus," tells us that he is "entirely ignorant" of music, and his ear so "inefficiently exercised" as not to know one scale from another!

An exception to the general order of travellers in

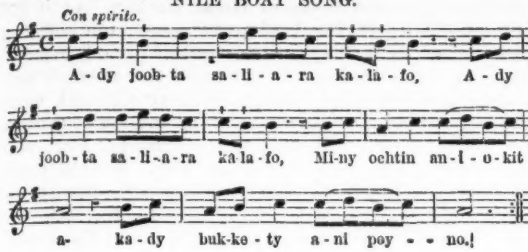
the East must be made in favour of Mr. John Macgregor ("Rob Roy"), the celebrated "canoeing" traveller, whose little volume of "Eastern Music"* shows us that he is not only able to write down the melodies correctly, but to give us at home a pretty good idea of their effects when stripped of their surroundings. This little brochure contains a number of Egyptian, Greek, Jewish, Syrian, Turkish, and Arabic melodies, many of them of the highest interest, and all of value in an ethnological point of view.

The author tells us that "the music is genuine; it has been caught by the ear, but carefully, and played on the flute and sung with a tuning-key at hand; and after many a rehearsal with native orchestras, it was written as it was performed, and unaltered." We have no doubt as to the genuineness of these melodies, and it is their unaltered form that renders them so valuable.

To notice a few specimens. The little Egyptian boat songs, caught on the dreamy Nile, are particularly valuable. Nothing can be more interesting than the following. Mr. Macgregor says, "Can you think of Cleopatra and this song? Yes; let us believe them when they tell us it was melody to the noble Rameses himself."

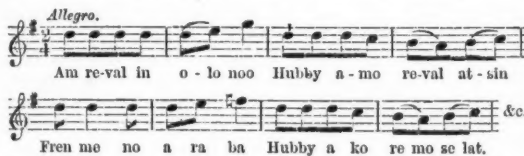
* Eastern Music: twenty melodies from the Egyptian, Greek, Jewish, Syrian, Turkish, and Arabic, for the Voice, Dulcimer, and Drum. With Pianoforte Accompaniments and Illustrations. By John Macgregor. The Profits of this work are devoted to the Ragged School Union.

NILE BOAT SONG.



He gives another, a great favourite on the Nile. We are told that it was played "with the Nile drum obligato, and a clapping of hands at every bar." The Egyptian drum is called "darabukkeh," and that used by the Nile boatmen is generally made of earth covered with fishes' skin. It is placed under the left arm, generally suspended by a string that passes over the left shoulder, and is beaten with both hands. It yields different sounds when struck near the edge and in the middle. The mode of accompanying a song by clapping the hands is very ancient, and may be seen depicted in several engravings in Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians." We quote the first eight bars because the melody is remarkable for the introduction of the minor seventh (the F natural) in the sixth bar, which gives it a peculiar effect, and is an evidence of its extreme antiquity.

LOVE SONG OF THE NILE BOATMEN.



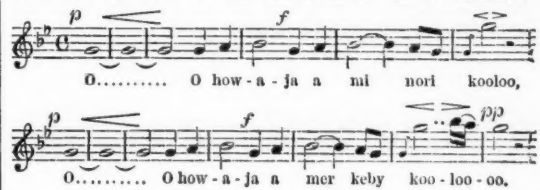
"To enjoy this air thoroughly, as I do," says Mr. Macgregor, "you should have heard it under the shade of the palm-trees by the massive walls of Karnak; you must see the swarthy sons of Egypt seated on the deck, the black Nubians at the prow; eagles and storks must be of the audience, and crocodiles be near you, or the shrill cry of hyenas shriek an encore; specially those two silent listeners must be there, the giant Colossi seated on the plain, whose unchanged faces survey the ruins of a hundred dynasties."

The natural liking of the Egyptians for music, according to Mr. Lane, "is shown by their habit of regulating their motions and relieving the dullness of their occupations in various labours by songs or chants. Thus do the boatmen in rowing, etc.; the peasants in raising water; the porters in carrying heavy weights with poles; men, boys, and girls in assisting builders by bringing bricks, stones, and mortar, and removing rubbish; so also the sawyers, reapers, and many other labourers." It is a pity these songs of various trades and callings are not collected. Those of the Nile boatmen have been partially so in Mr. Darby Griffiths' "Melodies of the Nile" (published in 1850, arranged by the writer of the present article), and in Joseph Churi's "Sea, Nile, the Desert, and Nigritia" (1853). The author of the latter work is a Maronite of Lebanon, who travelled with Captain Peel in 1851-2.

The "Camel Chant of the Arabs in the Desert,"

given by Mr. Macgregor, is full of character. The writer says, "You who have crossed the long desert, know well this Ishmaelitic song. It reminds you of Selim's proud look—of the bright spear of Mustapha—and the long black beard of Hassan-ane." It is commenced softly with a crescendo, the last note dying away into silence.

CAMEL CHANT OF THE ARABS IN THE DESERT.



A piece of Turkish dulcimer music, which our traveller heard at Damascus, is a characteristic specimen of Oriental music. We can fancy it played by a large band of musicians, the instruments of percussion striking the two notes G D throughout the piece, emphatically marking the measure. It is thus pleasantly introduced by the writer:—

"In Damascus most travellers go to see the house of Judas, where Paul was healed—the place in the wall where he was let down in a basket—the great khans and bazaars, the Jewish and Mohammedan houses, famed for their splendid decorations, the baths, the leper hospital, and other lions. But a summer evening invites us to the delicious café overhanging the banks of the Pharpar, there to take coffee and a chibouque, to be soothed by the sweet murmurs of many waters, to sit with the Turks, and to see them, and listen to their music, assured that all will be strictly national in a city where, among one hundred and twenty thousand servants of the Prophet, there are only four resident 'Christian dogs.'

"They stare, of course, as you enter, but they are polite. The waiters bustle about immensely, the musicians on that raised platform are excited, and tune their instruments again; for, after all, they are sure to be paid better by the said 'dogs,' than by all the green turbans in the town. The little kettledrum, which that man beats with drum-sticks, is surely out of tune; the next performer has a dulcimer, which he plays with iron thimbles, or his fingers. On the other side of him is a gentleman squinting horribly, as he looks at the end of his double-reed pipe. Two others sing; and the last man positively has a fiddle, and is blind. Everybody is on tiptoe, that is, figuratively so, for by reason of the roundness of shoes, a Turk on tiptoe was never seen."

TURKISH MUSIC.



Most of the popular melodies of the East are of a very simple character, consisting of only a few notes, which serve for every one or two lines of a song, and which are therefore repeated many times. One of the finest of these melodies is a "Mosque chant," beginning "La iláha illa—lláh" (There is no deity but God), which has been noted by Lane, and other travellers. It is a grand tune strongly resembling the "Tonus Peregrinus" of the early Christian church. How little real difference is there, after all, between European and Asiatic music!

EGYPTIAN MOSQUE CHANT.



One more specimen from Mr. Macgregor's book, which we shall introduce with his own words:—"What sea is that which is girt with craggy mountains at one end, and expands at the other into miles of amphibious marsh, which cannot be called, with truth, either land or water? Wherein fish die, and on whose desolate shores no sea-bird runs. Which is fed by the purest streams, and is yet bitterly salt. Whose waves are dull as molten lead, and yet clearer than crystal; where even sea-weed cannot grow. Whereon you find no sail; and the bleak nakedness of which is uncovered by even the outermost fringe of Nature's green dress? By such a lake sitting you may listen to Arab music; but you must forget the drawing-room, and imagine it a tent, and the Dead Sea in the place of gardens or a verdant lawn, and the treble keys of Erard must sound as the voices of Bedouen maidens. It was in the stillness of night that I heard these Arab girls approach me, clapping their hands above their heads, and asking for a present for the bride."

ARAB MARRIAGE MUSIC, FROM THE DEAD SEA.



How modern is all this? It sounds as of to-day. We want its surroundings; and then how changed!

Mr. Macgregor's "Oriental Music" has helped to confirm our opinion that the *major* scale is more common in ancient music than the *minor*. The universally prevalent opinion of the *minor* scale being the basis of the music of ancient nations is certainly erroneous.

DUELLING IN ENGLAND.

IN the "Leisure Hour" for July, 1869, there was an article on duelling which I read with much interest. It mentioned some of the most notable

duels of modern times in Great Britain, but it did not explain how the barbarous usage, too common among us at a comparatively recent period, came to an end. I think it may interest the present and rising generation of readers to know through what agency this change was mainly effected. The growth of healthy public opinion, and the spread of Christian principle, no doubt prepared the way. But the practice of duelling might have continued to this day in England, as it does in foreign lands, but for the effectual efforts made by a few men, about thirty-five years ago, for its suppression.

Let me therefore briefly state the origin of the "Association for the Discouragement of Duelling," and refer especially to the fourth and last report, printed in 1850, in which the final success of the Association was thankfully declared.

Let the reader bear in mind the ghastly record of fatal encounters in the former days, and contrast the existing state of things. Not only are the Regulations in the Army and Navy relating to duelling changed, but the whole tone in society has undergone a revolution, so that few men under middle age in the present day would believe that homicides of the most distressing character were of constant occurrence, and were regarded almost as inevitable by men of honour.

A feeling had been gradually strengthening among many brave and honourable men, that something should be done to put a stop to a practice so unworthy of a Christian nation. When I mention some of the names, confining myself to those who have gone to their rest, it will not be wondered at that decided steps were taken. A very sad affair, in 1841, brought the matter to a crisis. Two officers in a cavalry regiment, brothers-in-law, had some dispute, which led to a challenge and duel, and one was shot dead on the ground. A meeting of some friends whose minds had long been occupied with the subject then took place, in May, 1841, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart., presiding. A number of distinguished men publicly gave their adhesion to the principles laid down at this meeting, among them being the Duke of Manchester, Earls Waldegrave, Carlisle, Arundel and Surrey, Eldon, Viscounts Lifford, Middleton, Generals Peregrine Maitland, Orde, Latter, MacInnes, Admiral Hawker, Admiral Fitzroy, John Plumptre, M.P., and many others of influence.

On February 12, 1842, a more public meeting was held, Admiral Hawker in the chair, when the honorary secretaries appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting were Admiral Sir Henry Hope, C.B. (the gallant Captain Hope, of Endymion celebrity), and Wm. Dugmore, Esq., barrister. Until we mustered strong enough to hold public meetings, we used to meet in Sir Henry (then Captain) Hope's rooms in the Brunswick Hotel, Hanover Square. Captain Hope's influence was of much service in the good cause, both from his high Christian character, and because every one knew how he had distinguished himself by personal bravery.

On the 4th August, 1843, the late Viscount Lifford presided at a meeting, when a memorial to the Queen was approved and presented to her Majesty by Sir James Graham, Secretary of State for the Home Department; and early in the ensuing Parliament Sir Robert Peel, the then prime minister, after avowing his own disapproval of the custom, made the following observations: "I rely much less upon legislation than I do upon public opinion—than I

do, for example, upon the influence of 360 gentlemen, including admirals, general officers, and other eminent persons, possessing the highest sense of honour, who have denounced the principles and practice of duellings, who declared that challenges ought never to be given, nor accepted." From this memorial resulted the Amended Articles of War, both in the army and navy, the cause having been warmly espoused by the authorities in the War Office and the Admiralty.

On another occasion shortly afterwards, General Sir Henry Hardinge, her Majesty's then Secretary at War, announced to the House of Commons that her Majesty had expressed herself

"Most desirous of devising some expedient by which the barbarous custom of duelling should be as much as possible discouraged; that to aid in accomplishing so desirable an object, her Majesty had authorised an amendment in the Articles of War, which would probably bring about a more rational mode of settling disputes between honourable men; and, further, that these amendments had received the sanction of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who had given the subject his most serious and earnest consideration."

By the Amended Articles of War thus sanctioned and issued, it was declared, in the name of her Majesty,—

"We hereby declare our approbation of the conduct of all those who, having had the misfortune of giving offence to, or of injuring or insulting others, shall frankly explain, apologise, or offer redress for the same, or who, having had the misfortune of receiving offence, injury, or insult from another, shall cordially accept frank explanation, apology, or redress for the same, or who, if such explanation, apology, or redress be refused to be made or accepted, and the friends of the parties shall have failed to adjust the difference, shall submit the matter to be dealt with by the commanding officer of the regiment, or detachment, fort, or garrison; and we accordingly acquit of disgrace or opinion of disadvantage all officers who, being willing to make or accept such redress, refuse to accept challenges, as they will only have acted as is suitable to the character of honourable men, and have done their duty as good soldiers, who subject themselves to discipline."

Explanatory letters of the Secretary at War and the Judge Advocate-General were issued at the same time, by way of instruction to the different commanding officers, from which we give extracts.

"These Articles declare that it is suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanations and apologies for the same.

"If such redress be refused to be given or to be accepted, and the friends of the parties have failed to reconcile the difference, a reference should, in conformity with the signification of her Majesty's pleasure, in the 106th Article, be made to the commanding officer on the spot, who will use his best advice and influence to reconcile the parties; and the differences having been honourably settled by the good offices and responsibility of the commanding officer, ought never to be revived by either party, or by any other officer or body of officers. If, however, the commanding officer fail to reconcile the parties, it will become his duty to take such measures as he may deem necessary in order to prevent a duel, or to maintain good order in her Majesty's service; and the person refusing to be reconciled will be liable to be brought to a court-martial, and, if convicted, cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as the court may award.

All parties implicated in duelling are liable, on conviction before a general court-martial, to be cashiered.

"Personal differences between gentlemen living together as brother officers can seldom fail to be honourably and promptly adjusted, in the first instance, by explanations between their mutual friends. The propriety of an early explanation and acknowledgment of error was so forcibly pointed out by Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, in confirming the sentence of a general court-martial in 1810, that I insert the following extract of his Grace's sentiments on this point. So long ago as

the year 1810, his Grace, in confirming the sentence of a court-martial, thus expressed his sentiments in reference to the practice of duelling:—

"The officers of the army should recollect that it is not only no degradation, but that it is meritorious in him who is in the wrong to acknowledge and atone for his error, and that momentary humiliation which every man may feel in making such an acknowledgment is more than atoned for by the subsequent satisfaction which it affords him, and by avoiding a trial and conviction of conduct unbecoming an officer."

Similar official orders relative to duelling were shortly afterwards issued by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to her Majesty's fleet. In both services the Regulations have been firmly enforced, and it is to be hoped that judges and magistrates will act with stern decision if ever an attempt is made by civilians to resort to this foolish and wicked way of settling a quarrel.

To every reflecting mind it may well be matter of surprise, that notwithstanding the manifest opposition of duelling as well to the express command of Almighty God and the whole spirit of Christianity as to all laws civil and military, and to every principle of common sense, it was allowed so long to survive, and that no well-sustained effort should have been made, in spite of the many tragical occurrences arising out of it, to effect its entire suppression.

The French nation during the reign of Louis XIV did indeed honourably distinguish itself by the adoption, among many of the principal nobility, of a declaration against duelling, which subsequently received countenance from a royal edict in 1689, and for a time checked the barbarous practice. The following is a translation of the resolutions adopted by the French marshals and nobles:—"The undersigned, by the present writing, make a public declaration and protestation of refusing all kinds of challenges, and of not fighting a duel on any occasion whatever; and of rendering all kind of testimony of the detestation they have of duels, as a thing wholly contrary to reason, to the welfare and the laws of the State, and inconsistent with salvation and the Christian religion; though, without renouncing the right of repelling, by all lawful means, any injuries that shall be offered to them, according as their profession and birth shall oblige them to it—being always ready on their parts to give, with sincerity, a right understanding to those who shall conceive themselves to have some cause of resentment against them, and resolving not to give occasion to any man."

It is to be hoped that the means adopted successfully in England to suppress duelling will be adopted and carried out in other countries as well as this, until the time shall arrive when it shall be acknowledged that to forgive an injury is more noble than to resent it, and when to send or accept a challenge shall be deemed as inconsistent with the character of a gentleman as to withhold or refuse one has been in time past. Then will it be found that in this, as in every other respect, but in none more manifestly than in this, obedience to the plain commands of God is coincident with the best interests of the community at large, and of its individual members.

The Duke of Wellington signified his hearty approval, but felt delicacy in allowing his name to appear in connection with the Association, on account of his own duel with Lord Winchelsea, although urged to give his support by Sir Henry Hardinge, the duke's second in that affair. He took care, however, that the new Regulations in the Articles of War were carried out.

In the recently published Memoirs of Mr. Charles Greville, it is stated that the influence of Prince Albert was brought to bear, and that in his representations to the War Office he expressed, not only the feeling of his own generous nature, but the earnest wish of Queen Victoria to put an end to the practice of duelling. I have no doubt that this was the case, but no notice to that effect was communicated to the Association in the course of its proceedings.

The Association, however, was not content with this consummation of their wishes thus far; but a very interesting correspondence was opened with good Bishop Chase, of Illinois, U.S., with whom I happened to be acquainted some years previously, and this led to a more formal application through the late Admiral Fitzroy to the War Department at Washington to ascertain the exact nature of the prohibitions against duelling in that country. The result of this correspondence was the sending 1,000 copies of the Report of the London Anti-Duelling Association for careful distribution in the United States. This also led to a letter from Mr. Wm. Jay, of Bedford, West Chester County, State of New York, who had received a prize for an "Essay on Duelling," and felt great interest in the subject.

Copies of the report were also presented to the then King of Prussia, and to other distinguished personages in foreign countries, but public opinion has not been even to this day sufficiently educated, nor legislation leavened by Christian principle, to have produced the same happy revolution which we have seen in England in regard to duelling. Many instances are constantly made public, both in America and on the continent, sadly tragical in their results, and disgraceful to Christian civilization.* E. M.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

THE CLIMBING PERCH.

THE climbing perch (*Anabas scandens*) is a native of the tropical parts of India and China, and is in the habit, during the dry season, either of burying itself in the dry and baked mud at the bottom of the fresh-water streams, where it is found during the rainy season, or else of leaving those streams and wandering over the land in search of places where the water still remains flowing. To enable it to travel over the land and support life, the head of this perch contains a cavity, in which a supply of water is kept, for the purpose of moistening the gills when the creature is out of the water. This supply of water, and the pharyngeal apparatus by which it is carried, which Cuvier compares to the supply of water carried by the camels in the follicles of their stomach, falls drop by drop on the gills, keeping them sufficiently moist to carry on the oxygenation of the blood. If the fish fails to find the water, it then buries itself until the rain again refreshes the earth and flows through its usual channels.

This species is said to climb trees. Daldorf, a Danish naturalist of good repute, is given as authority for this remarkable fact, and it receives some support from the Tamul name of the fish—*Panieri*, or the climber of trees. Daldorf stated to the Linnæan Society that he had himself taken an

Anabas in the act of climbing a palm-tree which grew near a pond. The fish held on to the bark of the tree by the spikes on its fins and tail; it had reached the height of about five feet from the ground, and was going still higher.

This fish, when quiet, is dull of colour, and presents nothing remarkable in its appearance, but if two are brought together in a vessel of water, both become suddenly excited, the fins are raised, and the whole body shines with metallic colours of dazzling beauty. Both, however, when taken out of each other's sight, instantly become quiet and colourless as before. The Siamese are so infatuated with the combats of these fish, that they will stake on their issue considerable sums, and even their own persons and families! The licence to exhibit fish-fights is farmed, and brings a considerable annual revenue to the King of Siam.

THE ARCHER-FISH.

The archer-fish (*Toxotes jaculator*) belongs to the division *Acanthopterygii*, or spiny-finned fishes, of which the mackerel and perch are familiar examples. It inhabits the East Indian and Polynesian seas. Its body is short and compressed, and somewhat elliptical in outline, and from seven to eight inches in length, the dorsal fin being situated far back and provided with strong spines. The snout is short, the lower jaw projecting beyond the upper, and the mouth is crowded with small teeth. The general colour of the archer-fish is greenish. There are four short, dark-brown, wide, band-like spots across the back, shaded with green; below, its colour is a greenish silvery grey. The beauty of these fishes is greatly increased by their movements in the water, and all who have seen them alive speak of their lovely and ever-changing hues with enthusiasm.

This fish obtains its name from the curious instinct which induces it to project a drop of water from its mouth at an insect which may be on a leaf or a branch three or four feet above the surface of the water where the fish has located itself; and so accurate is its aim, that it seldom fails to bring down the insect, which falls into the water, and is of course immediately devoured by its dexterous assailant. The elongation of the lower jaw doubtless greatly assists it in accurately directing the liquid missile, on which it depends for its subsistence, as a hunter does upon his rifle. The Chinese keep these fishes in basins, and amuse themselves by watching their efforts to bring down a fly suspended over them by a thread.

There are but few fishes, comparatively speaking, distinguished by anything like superiority of instinct, and the very rarity of such manifestations of ingenuity makes these instances all the more interesting.

H. C.

THE ADJUTANT.

The adjutant, or gigantic pouched stork (*Leptoptilus argala*), is a native of India, and is a thorough street bird, making its appearance with the rainy season. It is in finest feather when it takes its departure at the end of the autumnal rains, being a handsome pale grey, with a whitish band crossing the wing, and the neck and pouch ornamented with bright colours. Many of them find a living about the slaughter-houses of Calcutta, sharing the refuse with vultures and dogs. Another species found in India is the *Leptoptilus javanicus*; but this is smaller and pouchless, and never approaches human habitations. Both species, as well as a similar African

* We are indebted for this communication to Capt. Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., one of the few survivors of the first committee of the "Association for the discouragement of Duelling."

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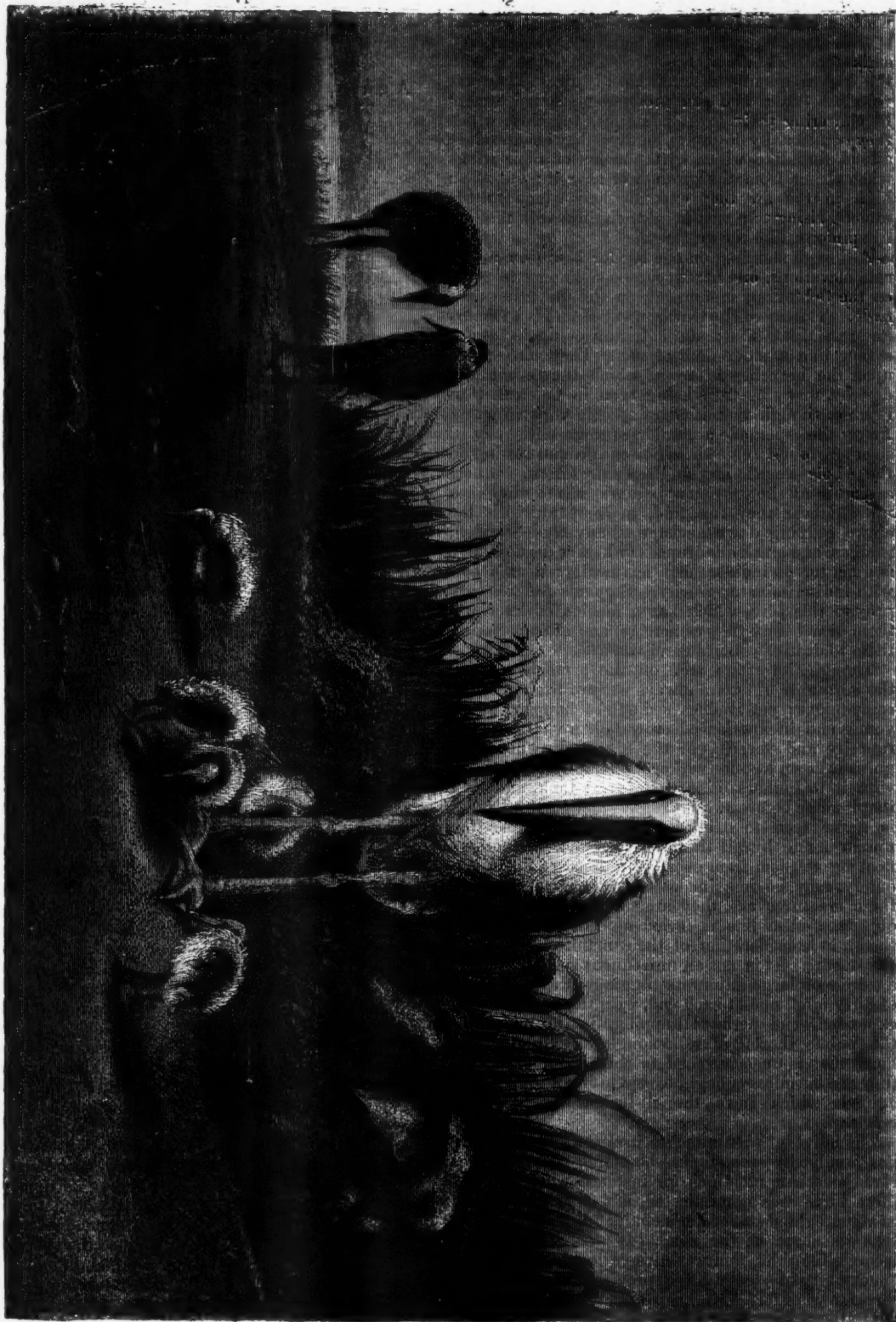
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THE ADJUTANT.



one, yield the valuable marabou plumes of commerce, which are the lower tail-coverts. The great pouched species stand upwards of three feet in height, and stalk familiarly about the streets of Calcutta, with the bag frequently distended with air. They are voiceless birds, and can produce no sound except by clattering their great mandibles together, which they occasionally do pretty loudly; they also produce a loud flute-like whirr by the action of their wings when rising from the ground, or near it; but when high in the air they expand their wings to the utmost, rising to a vast height, circling with motionless pinions, like the vultures.

Although standing on one leg for hours on moderate elevations, one has never been known to settle on the Ochterlony monument, on the Calcutta esplanade. The top of the Government House is a favourite resort, at times an adjutant occupying each corner like a motionless statue. They also perch upon the branches of trees, which they eventually destroy, many fig-trees being seen in Calcutta thus injured, though that kind of tree is very vigorous. Along the esplanade a number of these birds may be seen in groups, some sitting on the ground resting on the whole length of the shank or tarsus. Others assemble at the provision bazaars, where they pick up whatever they can find, in company with the crows, gulping down garbage of any kind—carriens, reptiles, and small quadrupeds (whether dead or alive is a matter of indifference), are swallowed at a bolt with indiscriminate voracity. Serpents fall an easy prey to this bird, which has a fashion of knocking them over before they can strike, and after battering them to death swallows them whole.

Though the crows feed off the same heap with the adjutants, they are always wary of their gigantic companions; yet it does sometimes happen that a young and inexperienced crow falls a victim to the rapacity and voracity of the big stork, who either gulps it down at once without ceremony, or steps off with it to immerse it in the nearest tank, and soak its plumage before swallowing it (though an adjutant is never seen to drink). On such occasions the uproar made by all the crows around, and others flocking to them from every direction to join in the outcry, may be imagined. Gaunt and ungainly as these creatures are, they are decidedly picturesque objects, and a fine is levied on the destroyers of them, in consideration of their manifest utility as scavengers. It is not an unfrequent spectacle to see a couple of large adjutants tugging away at a piece of dirty offal, one at each end, with their great wings expanded, and perhaps flapping, in the middle of the public thoroughfare, enough to frighten any horse that is unaccustomed to them; but otherwise they are harmless enough, except to small four-footed animals which have the ill-luck to get within reach.

The adjutant soon attaches itself to a kind owner, its familiarity sometimes becoming troublesome. Mr. Smeathan mentions an instance where one of these birds was domesticated, and was accustomed to stand behind its master's chair at dinner-time, and take its share of the meal. It was, however, an incorrigible thief, and was always looking for some opportunity of stealing the provisions, so that the servants were forced to keep watch with sticks over the table. In spite of their vigilance it was often too quick for them; "and once it snatched a boiled fowl off the dish and swallowed it on the spot. It

has been known to swallow a leg of mutton of five or six pounds, a hare, and also a small fox."*

THE SPARROW'S WARNING.

A gardener in the south-west of England writes:—About six years ago the small birds were very destructive in the gardens, here especially, in destroying the crops of green peas. A friend urged me to use poison, and although I was reluctant to listen to him, he sent me a packet, with instructions how to use it. I locked it safe in the cupboard in my seed-room for that season, willing to suffer rather than destroy the little creatures whose services I well knew, and whose cheerful songs I enjoyed. The following year they again became troublesome, and one morning the kitchen-gardener came to me and complained.

"If you don't do something to keep off the sparrows and tom-tits we shall not have a pea left, sir."

"Oh, is that it, John!" I said; "well, after breakfast get two Dutch hoes, and I will come and help you for an hour to destroy the natives (weeds) near the peas."

I brought some bread and butter, spread the poison on it, and placed it in crumbs on a large tiling slate between the ranks of peas, and began to work with John among the natives. About five minutes after my little girl came into the garden.

"Father," she said, "there is a little bird fluttering among the peas."

It was a sparrow. I picked it up, and it gave a few convulsive clutches with its little feet, and died.

"There's another," she said.

I saw it, and said, "You go home, dear," not wishing her to see more; and in less than three minutes I picked up six sparrows and two green-finches; several more were found a little distance from the peas. Now all was quiet, not a bird could I see near the spot. I returned to John, and stayed an hour with him, but not a bird came near the place.

I took up the poison for fear the pea-fowls should come that way, and for two or three weeks we were quite free from any annoyance from small birds whatever; but when John again complained that "the birds had begun the marrowfat peas," I took out the slate with the poison on it, just as it was left from the last time, and placed it between the ranks of peas again. One rank of dwarf-peas had gone up only about half way the sticks, and beside this rank I placed it for the better view, as I thought. I had hardly taken my hoe in hand when a fine "cock-sparrow" perched on the top of the sticks above the slate, and began to make a loud noise, and about every two or three seconds sounded a loud peculiar bell-like note. Birds began to gather thick and fast on the rank of sticks, all kinds of small birds, sparrows, finches, linnets, tom-tits (two or three sorts), and white-throats, till the rank of sticks was literally covered; and this captain cock-sparrow kept on with his loud notes, all the rest being as quiet as possible, and every one with its little head turned towards the slate with the poison. John and I looked on in blank amazement, when all at once the sparrow, pluming himself out larger than usual, and making a louder note, took wing, all the rest following. And now I began to breathe freely again, for I found I

* From "The Natural History Scrap Book," published by the Religious Tract Society, a book remarkable for the artistic merit of its illustrations.

had been involuntarily holding my breath while this interesting scene was going on.

"Well, John," I said, "that fellow preached to a purpose."

"I was thinking, sir," he answered, "how attentive all the rest were."

For the rest of the season not a bird came near the garden, nor had I need again of resorting to my slate and poisoned bread and butter.

EVIDENCE OF DESIGN IN STRUCTURE OF ANIMALS.

It is very interesting to observe the wonderful way in which the Creator has clothed and ornamented his various creatures. Some live in the water, some on land; some pass their time partly in the water or on land, some exist partly in the air, on the water, and on the land. All are beautifully and wonderfully constructed.

I propose now to make a few remarks on the external coverings of some of these, taking as a beginning the various modifications of horny coverings. In the scales of the fish (the carp is about the best example), we find plates of thin horn, somewhat resembling when cleaned and boiled a portion of an ordinary horn lantern. These plates are set each into a soft pocket of the true skin, and overlap each other so as to form a complete suit of armour, giving origin, no doubt, to the idea of scale-armour, as worn by our ancestors at the time when arrows were used in battle. The scales in the fish are not all of the same size. They are beautifully fitted, like enamel plates, on to the body, so that while they afford the most efficacious protection, they will not interfere in the least with the movements of the fish, which in many instances are exceedingly rapid. The reader should examine the mode in which the scales are fastened on (each in its own little pocket) in the case of the salmon—these scales are covered with a waterproof varnish; how and whence that comes is another point of study and admiration.

Passing on from the fish to the crocodile, we again find a scale-formed armour. The scales in this case are let into the skin in a different manner to those of the fish, and they are capable of absorbing a considerable amount of water. This I found out by soaking a crocodile's skin in water. Before the skin was soaked, it was as hard and inflexible as a board. Having been soaked a few hours, it became almost as pliable and soft as a wet towel. This is evidently an arrangement to enable the crocodile to pass his time with comfort, both in the water and out of the water. A crocodile, also, has lungs, not gills, and we never find true scales like those of a fish unaccompanied by gills. When the crocodile is basking in the sun, his scales are, of course, much harder than when they are in the water. This may be a protection for him against the assaults of his enemies, though I cannot imagine that Nature anticipated the discovery and use of musket-balls.

If we look for scales in land animals, we shall find them more especially in the pangolin, the armadillo, and the tortoise. The pangolin's scales are very like, but yet differ, from fish-scales proper, inasmuch as they are not intended to be wetted. In the armadillo we find a series of scales of peculiar shape, not let into pockets as in the fish, but each connected with its neighbour by soft skin, so that the armadillo's skin may be said to be a series of oblong-headed nails, such as are used to tack on furniture fringes, fastened into a covering, which forms the skin of the

animal. The armadillo has to roll himself into a ball as occasion requires—therefore the studs of his armour are so beautifully fitted as to size and shape that he can roll them up into a ball without the slightest appearance of a crease or wrinkle.

In the case of the armadillo, who lives under a covering of horny, flexible skin, please to observe that his backbone, and all other bones, as well as his lungs, heart, and other viscera, are all *underneath* this flexible roof to his body. In the tortoise we find quite another arrangement. Take a tortoise-shell and boil it, and you will find that you can pick off the scales one by one, and underneath the scales is a tenter-house of solid-formed bone. This dome-shaped house is not composed of a continuous mass of bone, as a teacup is made of a continuous plate of pottery, but rather of a series of small bones, all properly arched to suit the original curve, and jointed together in a most marvellous manner. It was not possible to rivet or bolt these plates together. Mortar could not be used to bind them together, as in the case of an arch made of bricks. What, then, must be done? If the reader will examine for himself, he will find that the edges of each bone are deeply serrated, and that the serrations fit in such a workmanlike manner one into the other that an amount of solidity is gained which could not have been equalled if the whole dome had been cast in a solid piece.

But how is the tortoise to live in his house? Where are his ribs to go to? Let us examine. In ordinary animals the backbone forms an attachment for the ribs, and there are plenty of muscles, etc., *outside* the ribs. In the tortoise, the ribs themselves are actually used to form part of the dome or roof. By examining the inside of a tortoise-shell, the fact will at once become apparent. The ribs will be seen forming the girders of this wonderful roof, and they are connected together by means of the above-mentioned plates of bones, with denticulated edges, etc.; while the centre portion of the bone sends down an arch to form a canal in which the spinal marrow is contained.

The tortoise therefore lives *inside* a house which is composed of his own ribs, formed into a dome, and he rests upon his sternum, or breast-bone, which is flattened out into a broad plate to serve, first, for the attachment of the rib, and second, as a kind of supporting foot or basement. Can there possibly be a more beautiful piece of design than this, which combines economy of material and great strength with lightness?

We often find the same design in created things utilised for various purposes. It is therefore highly interesting to find that the same kind of denticulated suture as adopted in the tortoise is present also in our own skulls. A bony box is required to carry and protect the brain; the human skull therefore is formed of bones, each being joined to its neighbour by identically the same kind of union as that in the tortoise. There is in the human skull another meaning for this; the interposition of several lines of sutures all over the skull prevents a fracture of one of the bones of the skull spreading to its neighbour, just as the woodwork in a window frame prevents the fracture of an individual square of glass spreading to the adjoining squares.

In the common hedgehog we find a very curious bit of mechanism. The hedgehog has no horny studs either fastened into the skin, as in the armadillo, nor yet has he a bone-formed dome, covered

with horny scales, as in the tortoise. Instead of this, his horny covering assumes the form of spines, or bristles, each set firmly into the skin at one end, and very sharply pointed at the other end. These bristles the owner can erect in groups, with all the points outwards, presenting a most formidable array of weapons, but the hedgehog has also power to lay back all these sharp-pointed spines in one direction, viz., from his head downwards. In this position they form a carpet, which, if smoothed the right way with the hand, is as soft as velvet. However, to find out how all this mechanism was carried out, I have dissected a hedgehog, and was surprised to find how very slight are the muscles which command the spine. They are fine strings, or fibres, very similar to the *Corrugator supercilii*, or frowning muscles in our own forehead; in fact, when a hedgehog curls himself up, he begins work with a tremendous frown as he tucks his head inwards. The muscles that work the spine are attached into the spines which project into the backbone, and also more especially on to the ribs, which I find to be of unusual strength and abnormal width for so small an animal. The vertebrae are attached to the ribs in a very peculiar manner, and each of the backbones fits on its neighbour by a wonderful joint, which keeps the chain of bones quite stiff when the animal is walking, but which enables him to coil up into a ball at the slightest provocation.

I find that the hedgehog has a clavicle, or collar-bone, evidently for the purpose of using his fore-paws for digging. His digging claws are also peculiar, and when curved together assume a shape very like that of the ant-eater, the fellow who pulls down the ants' nests with his tremendous claws.

Such, then, are a few examples of "design, beauty, and order," which have lately come under my notice in my dissecting-room.—*Frank Buckland in "Land and Water."*

UNDER CANVAS:

A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

III.

WE are generally very punctual in our start, and ride steadily on till about ten o'clock, when half the march is accomplished, and we arrive at our *choppas*. Of course you have not the remotest idea what a "*choppa*" can be; no more had I for the first day or two, though Colonel Francis was always talking about them; and as we were all equally ignorant, we were proportionately delighted when, on halting for breakfast the first morning after we had left Kinsur, we discovered two most inviting little green huts, standing ready for immediate occupation. They are made of branches of trees and ferns; one, a good deal the largest, is kept for breakfast, the other being the private property of Mary and myself. We always find them ready for us wherever we have settled to make our midday halt; and the servants show great ingenuity in their construction, placing the openings where we can have a good view. It is a great comfort having a shelter from sun and wind; and they are so cool and fresh, and smell so sweet, we sit in ours all day, making ourselves comfortable seats with bundles of soft long grass.

In the first place, however, breakfast has to be got over, and this is a very solemn affair, for we are

all so hungry we cannot even think of talking. Indeed, I am quite ashamed of my own appetite—it is almost impossible to sit and wait in patience until all the preparations for our comfort are made; we two ladies are taken great care of, even enjoying the distinction of a little table and two camp-stools for our own use, whilst everybody else sits comfortably on the ground. Our breakfasts are rather peculiar, meat and cold pudding being the usual bill of fare; still, as we have plenty of milk and butter, we have no reason to complain; and though we have finished the bread we brought with us long ago, it is replaced by chepatties made about an inch thick, and served in little piles smoking hot.

Breakfast being over, we either explore the surrounding country, or, as I said before, we are tired, and sit reading or working in our own *choppa* all through the middle of the day, whilst the gentlemen are shooting or fishing. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that they all go on to our camping-ground in a body; and then we should be left unprotected, if some good-natured person did not always volunteer to keep us company. I rather enjoy this arrangement, for when it is a good road I can ride as fast as I like, and no one exclaims against the danger of such a proceeding. I never get giddy, so I do not mind what precipices we pass, but the great risk is that in turning these very sharp corners you might ride over the edge before you could pull up the pony. I do not think I have ever introduced you to my new pony, the Doctor by name. He is supposed, Colonel Francis informs me, to be an "invaluable animal," but at present I do not think he is a very attractive one. His appearance is decidedly against him, as he is very shaggy and of a bright yellow colour; then, when I am riding with an umbrella, and he knows that I cannot whip him, he will persist in ambling instead of cantering, which worries me extremely. Besides this, like all other hill ponies, he has the habit of walking at the extreme edge of the road: they are taught to do this when young by their native masters, to avoid any risk of their knocking their packs against the hill-side. It is anything but safe, however, as the paths are apt to crumble away; so I am obliged during the whole ride to keep up a steady pull to one side, which becomes at last a great additional fatigue.

When we arrive at our camp, if the tents are up, we are glad to dress at once, and then we sit outside, waiting for the arrival of the gentlemen. This is generally heralded by some of those wonderful "Cooees" which can be heard such an immense distance in the hills. It is not every one who can make them, however, and John and Frank spend a large proportion of their time in vainly attempting to rival the prolonged shouts which Colonel Francis makes without any apparent effort. Seven o'clock brings every one home punctually to dinner, and this is always the most cheerful time of the day. Colonel Marsey has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and is a most agreeable companion. Then, the labours of the day being over, we are all inclined to talk and laugh over our separate adventures, the scrambling walks we have taken, the sketches we have made, the fish we have hooked, David's wild-goose chase after a reported chamois, or the aggravating way Frank missed a hen chicore; this last being a detail naturally very interesting to us all, for game is an important addition to our bill of fare. Mary and I sit in state at the head of the table—for we have a

table for dinner, though it is of so many different heights and sizes, much experience will be required to enable us to be comfortable at it. Then, being always sleepy, we go to bed as soon as dinner is over, first ascertaining what time we are to get up the next morning. Sometimes, if Colonel Marsey mentions an unusually early hour for the start, there is a general grumble (always unavailing), but more often we resign ourselves to our fate without any discussion. Mary and I, during the first few days, could never understand how it happened that we were always ready so much earlier than anybody else. At last, Frank revealed to us that Colonel Marsey, having the fixed idea that ladies must always be unpunctual, invariably took the precaution of telling us to be ready half an hour before he meant to start. So now, being in the secret, we never think of getting up until we hear other people stirring.

We are in bed by some wonderfully early hour, but the night itself is not always destitute of adventures. For instance, the other day at dinner Captain Graydon happening to remark that there were supposed to be leopards in the woods behind our camp, Mary and I were suddenly struck with the idea that they might perhaps take a fancy to pay us a visit—and there is no way of shutting out animals from the tents. Well, we went to bed and to sleep as usual, but, I suppose, the thought of the leopard must have been running in my head, for though I generally sleep soundly until morning, on this particular night I woke up with a start, and distinctly heard something rustling about at the door. The leopard was my first sleepy idea, immediately communicated in a frightened whisper to Mary, but I dismissed it in another moment, when a peculiar clinking sound caught my ear. I heard Mary faintly murmur something about thieves, and then, afraid of moving or speaking, we both lay still and listened to this mysterious noise, which went steadily on, and sounded now more like the rattling of chains than anything else. I cannot tell you what a panic seized us; there was something so weird and uncanny in it all. I seemed quite petrified with fear. Presently, however, Mary suggested it might be a Bhootier watch-dog which had broken loose, and though even this would be decidedly unpleasant, for they are very savage creatures, her voice seemed to break the spell I was under. With what I considered desperate bravery, I got up, struck a match, lighted the candle, and began to explore the tent, determined at any rate to know the worst. In another moment the mystery was explained. There across the door lay the ayah, restlessly tossing her arms from side to side, and the extraordinary noise which had so troubled our repose was caused by nothing more alarming than the jingling of the silver bangles with which her arms were covered.

A still more absurd accident happened to me yesterday, owing to something going wrong in the complicated construction of my camp bedstead. This has no mattress, and being simply made of broad tape, fastened to a little iron framework, is so ingeniously contrived, it can only be put together by one highly intellectual native. I suppose he had made some mistake on this occasion, for no sooner had I jumped into bed, making myself extremely comfortable, than the whole thing, to my indescribable astonishment, collapsed under me, and down I came to the ground. Mary was too much amused by my face of horror when

I discovered I was gradually sinking, to be able to give me much comfort; and, after all, it was no laughing matter to me, for it ended in my having to sleep all night on the ground. The tent, happening to have been pitched on the roughest possible place, this was not a pleasant experience. Occasionally, I fell into an uneasy doze, waking with a start to find my head had slipped into some deep hole; but the greater part of the time I lay awake, losing myself in envy and admiration of Bunnoo, who, under precisely similar circumstances, lay like a brown chrysalis, comfortably rolled up in her blanket, and snored peacefully through the whole night.

We have been staying for several days at Bagesur, where there is supposed to be capital fishing. Our camp is pitched on the banks of the River Lurgoo, which is very wide just here, and altogether a beautiful river, with large boulders, rapids, and here and there deep dark pools, which give us something pleasantly cool to look at. Opposite our own tent is a bridge, and whilst the gentlemen are out fishing, we sit and speculate whether it will ever be our fate to cross such another place as that. It looks simply impossible, for there is nothing but a single rope across which you are expected to sling yourself. I am bound to add, though we have watched very carefully, we have never seen any one cross it yet; indeed, as there is quite a respectable bridge a few hundred yards lower down, I am puzzled to discover any use in it.

All our gentlemen are great fishermen, especially Mr. Williamson, who is out perseveringly all day long, though as yet he has been unlucky, and caught no very large mahseer. The mahseer answers to the salmon at home; not that I mean to commit myself by saying they resemble each other as fish, but only that they run to a great size, give a good deal of play, and there seems to be as much excitement in hooking a 30lb. mahseer as there is in getting a monster salmon anywhere else. I wish I could add they were even half as good to eat; but their flesh is white, and I do not care for them at all.

Kubhkote, October 11th.

I must write down to-day's adventures whilst they are still fresh in my mind. This march from Bagesur to Kubhkote is the first which has struck me as being really dangerous; we passed one or two places which, with all our courage, we could not think looked pleasant. Riding is so much more amusing than going in the dandies, hitherto I have declared I did not care what kind of road we had; but this morning, for the first time, we came to a standstill before a staircase of roughly-made stone steps, for we naturally thought that if the ponies managed to get up it at all, they certainly could not do so with us on their backs. Our momentary halt brought Colonel Francis quickly up to ask if anything was the matter, and as he evidently thought nothing of the steps, we were ashamed of our hesitation, and moved quietly on again. Sure enough, our little animals clambered up like cats, though it was so steep I had to hold on to the pommel to avoid slipping off behind. I soon forgot my fears in the interest of watching the clever way they picked their steps, never trusting themselves on a stone before they felt that it would bear them, and seeming thoroughly to enjoy the excitement of climbing. Going down the flight of steps, as we did presently, was a still more remarkable proceeding; it was useless to attempt to guide the ponies, so we let them take us just where they

liked, and at length, after a succession of staircases of this kind, the road became tolerably level, and we found we were on a narrow ledge cut in the rock, with a sheer precipice of some hundred feet going straight down to the river below us. The hill on the opposite side was not quite perpendicular, but densely covered with trees and creepers; and something about the whole place reminded me of Scotch scenery, though all on a much grander scale. Mr. Stuart, Mr. Maxton, and Frank were by this time the only riders besides ourselves, and we soon completely lost sight of the rest of the party. I was in front, Mary immediately behind me, and no more staircases being in sight, we were riding carelessly on, when I happened to look up, and saw with horror that the road, which was always narrow, had got suddenly smaller, whilst immediately in front of me there loomed a huge overhanging rock, apparently too low to let me pass under it on the back of the pony. Imagine the predicament. Straight down from the little ledge of rock we were on went the precipice; there was no room to dismount, to turn was of course impossible. There was not a moment for me to consider what to do. I had barely time to wave my hand to Mary, in warning to keep back, before I was at the place, and so, with a dreadful fear that my weight would overbalance the pony, I caught my plaid up to prevent its hooking anywhere, and bent myself over as far as I could to the outside over the precipice. It seemed a very narrow escape. I could see the water foaming along below me, and the rock just grazed my shoulder in passing, but in another minute the difficulty was overcome, and I was in safety on the other side. Then, looking back to see what Mary was doing, a new terror seized me. Like me, she had not had time to dismount, and, my own experience notwithstanding, it seemed from this side perfectly impossible that any one on horseback should pass the place. It was vastly worse to watch another person attempting it, than to venture oneself; and the seconds seemed like hours whilst I was standing there, hardly daring to look, and yet not able to turn my eyes away from the pony. My suspense was quickly relieved, however, for very soon Mary too was over the worst, and we both stood on the other side of the rock congratulating ourselves on the successful termination of our adventure.

The gentlemen, who had managed to get off their horses in time, now joined us, and we went on again, but our nerves were rather shaken by the dangers we had gone through, and, coming unexpectedly upon a longer flight of steps than usual, Mary and I settled it would be pleasanter to walk than to ride down them. Generally we think it better to ride anywhere than to dismount. In these narrow roads it is so difficult to climb up, unassisted, into the saddle, and there is no room for any one to put you up; but now, being haunted by the fear of coming to more impassable rocks, perhaps in the very centre of the staircase, we jumped down in a great hurry, and set off on foot, driving our ponies before us. We were not destined, however, to go very far in peace. About half way down we heard a noise, and Mr. Maxton, who was a little way behind, shouted to us to run on if we valued our lives! We did not in the least understand what was happening, but naturally obeyed the injunction by hurrying forward at full speed. It seems Mr. Stuart, who was the last of the party, had dropped the bridle of his pony, frightened the animal by trying to catch it, and there it was, coming rush-

ing down the steps on the top of us. As there was no room for anything to pass us, you may imagine how we all raced down the steps, hoping the path might get wider at the bottom. The confused rush of people and ponies quite bewildered me at last, it was so like having a dreadful nightmare. I felt as if I was moving in a dream; then, whilst still the clatter of the pony's hoofs behind us drew nearer and nearer, weights seemed to be fastened to my feet, making it every moment more difficult for me to move at all, and I was just looking back to discover if there was no other means of escape, feeling that happen what would I could run no longer, when I saw Mr. Maxton plant himself firmly against the hill-side, stretch out his arm, and in another second the runaway pony was caught, and our fright was at an end.

Even now our day's adventures were not quite over. Our road, as we expected, got broader when once we came down into the valley; so we mounted our ponies again, and were riding on at a good pace, when, turning round to admire the view, we saw Captain Graydon galloping after us as fast as he could. Now, rather stupidly, I must confess, we took it into our heads that he was merely pursuing us for the sake of joining our party, so thinking we might as well have a race with him, we all set off simultaneously at the utmost pace our ponies would go. A very few minutes of such furious riding brought us to a narrow stream, crossed by a little wooden bridge, and as this did not look alarming, we clattered over it as fast as possible. Not all of us in safety, however. Just as Mr. Maxton was crossing, one end of the bridge gave way, and the hind legs of his pony slipped down into the hole, and though he managed to extricate himself with some difficulty, the accident obliged us to halt in order to warn Captain Graydon of the danger. When he did come up, he was so terribly out of breath, it was some moments before he managed to tell us that he had been following us at this headlong pace on purpose to prevent our crossing any bridges, as they were all reported to be rotten. We were rather ashamed of our rashness, and of the trouble the broken bridge would give, so we waited patiently here for the rest of the party to come up, and I wish you could have seen the faces of horror with which the announcement of our having ridden nearly the whole way was received. For a long time they quite refused to believe that we had managed to pass under the rock, and when they could doubt no longer, Colonel Marsey told us two long and dismal stories about two men who, on different occasions, had lost their lives on that very spot. They were both natives; one lost his footing in attempting to lead a horse past the place, whilst the other had a sack over his back, which caught in the rock and threw him over, and I believe their bodies were never recovered.

All this gave us the disagreeable feeling of having been very foolhardy, though after all I think we were rather unjustly blamed, for we could not know intuitively we were coming to such dangers, and they might just as well have warned us about them beforehand. Our wisdom, however, being evidently much mistrusted, the whole of the party was kept close together during the rest of the march. It was fortunate indeed that we were *not* in front, for we soon came to another long wooden bridge which, having rails on each side, looked so beautifully made and so easy to cross, we should certainly have ridden over it

if we had been alone. As it was, Colonel Francis immediately pronouncing it to be unsafe, made our ponies ford the river, while Mary and I walked some way lower down, where we found a plank put across the rocks, which we crossed without difficulty.

October 15th.

For the last few days we have been lingering down in the valleys, which is terribly hot work. These little single tents are such a poor shelter from the sun we never can keep ourselves cool; indeed, Mary and I have been once or twice reduced to taking refuge under our beds, in the attempt to get a better protection for our heads. I like the scenery, though; the undulating ground, the well-cultivated fields with the crops all cut and ready to be carried, make me think of home, though there is little real resemblance. Instead of having proper fields, for instance, everything is grown on what they call "*kéts*," which are little ridges, or terraces, made down in the valleys for the convenience of irrigation, but more generally seen in narrow steps, cut with great pain and trouble out of the hill-side itself.

It rather pleases one to imagine that the inhabitants of these peaceful-looking villages must lead a happy, patriarchal kind of life, undisturbed by any strong emotions; and yet, as we rode along, we were given the history of a *cause célèbre* which for a long time agitated the hill districts quite as much as any great lawsuit can occupy the attention of civilised people at home.

Some twenty years ago, or more, a high caste native, living in a hill village, murdered his brother. There was no doubt about his guilt; his trial followed almost immediately upon his apprehension, and he was sentenced to transportation for life. Time rolled on, and Nain Sing, for this was the man's name, was beginning to be forgotten, when a rumour reached the ears of the authorities that the murderer had found his way back again, and was now living comfortably with his wife and family in his old village. An inquiry was of course set on foot, but for some time no more accurate information could be gained, until at last one of the man's own servants betrayed him. With some difficulty he was arrested for the second time, and immediately recognised by many people as the criminal who had been transported so many years before. The defence set up in his favour was, that he was a man who had, for private reasons, left the country when he was quite young; that he had nothing to do with Nain Sing; and that Nain Sing himself had died in prison long before. Of course it was easy enough to write down to Moulmein to make inquiries, but every one was much surprised when the answer came back that the death of Nain Sing was duly noted in the registers at such a date. At the same time the Moulmein officials informed the Government that several convicts having managed to escape altogether, there were reasons for supposing that Nain Sing, having cleverly contrived to change names with another prisoner who had died, was amongst this number. After this, the whole question turned upon the question of identity, and created intense excitement amongst the natives; for whilst the wife and most of the relations swore resolutely that he was not Nain Sing, just as many witnesses were brought forward on the other side to prove he was the real man. I believe his being found in his wife's house was considered very strong proof against him. Any way, after a long trial and much careful investigation, he was finally pronounced to be

the escaped convict, and sent back again to Moulmein for the rest of his life.

Not only do cases like these sometimes occur to ruffle the calm monotony of the hill people's lives, but their villages themselves, pretty as they look with their bright cactus hedges and shady fruit-trees, are nests of indescribable dirtiness, and one cannot wonder at any epidemic raging amongst a people who have, as I am told, only one occasion when it is considered etiquette to wash themselves, and that is just before their marriage. As a matter of fact, small-pox is always amongst them, and in certain hill districts the plague still lingers. Much has been done, however, lately, to enforce better sanitary arrangements; and as vaccinators travel through the country to give every one the opportunity of being vaccinated, small-pox ought to be on the decrease. I am glad to see something of the inhabitants, and now we never pass a village without the women and children turning out to meet us, carrying artistically-shaped brass vessels on their heads. For some time I was too much prejudiced by the accounts I heard of their dirty habits to drink out of these said jars; but prejudices have a knack of vanishing in cases of necessity, and one day as I rode along, hot and thirsty, and longing for a refreshing drink of milk, I yielded to the temptation, and discovered, greatly to my surprise, that the milk tasted as fresh and sweet as if it had come out of an English dairy.

The graceful figures of the women holding up their brass "*lotas*," as they call them, for us to stop and drink, would make a very pretty picture. Nothing, too, could be more oriental or patriarchal-looking than the scene that I am watching as I write this. There are all the little white tents as a background, crowded together on one *két*, and in front of them Mr. Williamson and several of the gentlemen are collected to receive a deputation. These men, many of whom have brought baskets of vegetables as presents, are grouped in a semicircle, whilst the centre figure of all is the head man of the village, a fine old native, who with one hand is dragging forward an unwilling sheep, which he wishes to bestow upon us, and with the other laid upon the shoulder of his grandson—a beautiful little boy, about six years old—is forcing him to kneel down and kiss Mr. Williamson's hand. If you wish to complete the picture as I see it, you must imagine the sportsmen of the party in the distance, positively inducing my jampannies to carry them on their backs over a little marshy ground. They have dressed early, and being unwilling either to get their shoes wet before dinner, or to miss the chance of getting some quails reported to be in the neighbourhood, have hit upon this novel way of going out shooting. The effect is so absurd Mary and I can hardly help laughing, but we have to keep very quiet to prevent our being discovered, for we are lying *perdues* in Mr. Williamson's tent, endeavouring to see what is going on without committing the impropriety of being seen. This is particularly hard, for I have no doubt we should be giving a great deal of pleasure if we emerged from our hiding-place.

You would hardly believe the anxiety the people show to get a good look at us. White ladies have rarely, if ever, visited these parts before, so the excitement there is about us now is quite amusing. I dare say when we have our green veils down they think us very remarkable creatures, and everywhere we pass we find a little group of spectators stationed to observe us. Even when we are quietly resting in

our choppas during the heat of the day, a crowd of men, women, and children gather round the opening and there they stand, at a little distance, calmly watching us by the hour together. As we must be as good as a travelling menagerie to them, we always scruple to interfere with their innocent curiosity; in course of time, however, it becomes so uncomfortable to feel these numerous eyes steadily fixed upon us, whatever we are doing, that we have to make them polite signs to depart, though these are rather unavailing. Disperse the crowd as often as we like, in half an hour we find an equally large one collected round us again. We cannot talk to them either, for these hill people have a language of their own, and seem, besides, rather shy of coming near us. Only one venturesome person has made an exception to this rule. The other day, when I was out for a stroll by myself, I heard footsteps behind me, and turning round saw that I was followed by a very pretty little woman. She was carrying something carefully folded up in the skirt of her dress, and seemed pleased when I waited for her to come up to me. I rather expected her to run away, but instead of doing so she stretched out her hand to feel my dress; then I tilted up my hat to let her have a good stare at me; and finally, after she had fully satisfied her curiosity by examining me from head to foot, she drew from her petticoat a gigantic pumpkin, placed it in my arms, and made off again as fast as she could, leaving me a little disconcerted to carry my weighty prize home.

Up to this time there has been nothing beyond ordinary fatigue of travelling, varied by occasional accidents, as when Frank suddenly disappeared into a deep hole, when out shooting, and was discovered only after long search. But the difficulties of our expedition are increasing. In to-morrow's march (said to be one of the most trying marches in the whole journey) we make the ascent of Dakree Beneik. This is a hill about 10,000 feet high, and as we are quite low down at present, we have a great deal of climbing before us. Riding up it is said to be impossible, so we are quite at a loss to imagine what kind of an ascent it must be. We are always riding up and down hills which look more like walls than anything else, and if Dakree Beneik is steeper than anything we have yet seen, we are driven to suppose it must be quite perpendicular. They do mean to try and get the ponies up, however, but we ladies shall have to take refuge in the hitherto much-despised dandies.

Varieties.

LONDON.—The metropolis of the British empire, the largest city the world ever saw, covers, within fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross, nearly seven hundred square miles, and numbers within these boundaries four millions of inhabitants. It comprises a hundred thousand foreigners from every region of the globe. It contains more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The port of London has every day on its waters a thousand ships and nine thousand sailors. Upwards of a hundred and twenty persons are added to the population daily, or forty thousand yearly, a birth taking place every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. On an average, twenty-eight miles of streets are opened, and nine thousand new houses built every year. In its postal districts there is a yearly delivery of 238,000,000 of letters. On the police register there are the names of a hundred and twenty thousand habitual criminals, increasing by many thousands every year. More than one-third of all the crime of the country is committed in it, or at least brought to light there. There

are as many beershops and gin-palaces as would, if their fronts were placed side by side, reach from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles, and thirty-eight thousand drunkards are annually brought before its magistrates. The shops open on Sundays would form streets sixty miles long. It is estimated that there are above a million of the people who are practically heathen, wholly neglecting the ordinances of religion. At least nine hundred additional churches and chapels would be required for the wants of the people. Among the agencies labouring to supplement the more regular Christian organisations, one of the most active and beneficent is the London City Mission, from the reports of which these statistics are obtained. Founded in 1835, it has now laboured for forty years with ever-increasing success. Its simple object is to take the gospel to every inhabitant of the huge metropolis, especially to the outcast classes unreached by other agencies. Its committee is formed of Christians of all denominations; it knows nothing of sects or parties, nor does it seek to proselytize in any other way than to make the wicked holy, and to change the worthless into useful members of society. At present there are four hundred and twenty missionaries employed in various districts and among special classes of the people. If funds can be obtained, there is work for two hundred additional missionaries, and a better application of money could not be made by the wealthy and benevolent. The office of the society is at Bridewell Place, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

RESPIRATORS FOR FIREMEN.—Cotton wool being very efficacious in arresting the matter suspended in the air, he (Prof. Tyndall) filled a respirator with it, caused a pungent smoke to arise from resinous wood, and went into this smoke. He had the opportunity of comparing the effect on Captain Shaw and his men and the effect on himself, and, while to Captain Shaw and his men the wool gave great endurance in smoke, his own lungs required further protection. The thought came of saturating with glycerine every fibre of the cotton wool, and thus augmenting the power of the wool to catch the suspended matter. The addition of the glycerine to the cotton wool of the respirator was a very substantial relief to his lungs. He found in very thick smoke that he could remain considerably longer now than with cotton alone. Still there were, in addition to solid matters, poisonous matters in the smoke in the shape of vapour, and he thought that if he could arrest solid matters by glycerine and wool, and vapour by charcoal, he should have a perfect filter. He found, in fact, that with a respirator so prepared he could remain for half an hour, or any convenient length of time, in an atmosphere in which he could not otherwise exist for one minute. He communicated with Captain Shaw, and Captain Shaw was kind enough to come with some of his men to the Royal Institution, and in the experiments he did not say to his men, "Go in," but he went in himself, and was perfectly satisfied that this filter could be turned to account. He was astonished to find that with simply cotton wool Captain Shaw was able to exist for seven minutes where he with his weaker lungs (although on the mountain side he would not yield to Captain Shaw) could not exist for a minute. He was thus at once easily beaten when both used cotton wool only, but when Captain Shaw had cotton wool and he himself came provided with his filter, Captain Shaw remained seven minutes in a noxious atmosphere, while he himself, with his comparatively weak lungs, remained sixteen, and could have remained for twice sixteen, minutes.—*Professor Tyndall.*

EMIGRATION TO THE SOUTHERN STATES.—We have received letters containing earnest warnings to emigrants, not to be misled by the representations of Companies and Agencies as to the Southern States of America. To Virginia and North Carolina especially, several families from Scotland were induced to emigrate, but after several years' trial they have been glad to get back to the old country. "Those who have plenty of money to spend may live there comfortably enough, but those who have to live by farming find it harder to make both ends meet than on farms in Scotland. More capital is needed than at home, and the expense of living is greater. One could scarcely credit the extreme poverty of the people, or the exhausted condition of the soil in most of the Southern States." There must be variety of experience, according to locality and other conditions, but the reports of these returned emigrants lead us to advise caution in regard to all statements made by Land and Labour Agencies in this country. We are the more anxious to give this warning, as one of our correspondents says he went out in consequence of statements made in the "Leisure Hour" for November, 1871. What was then said as to emigration to the Southern States, was not unaccompanied by advice to obtain accurate and impartial information, and also warning as to the risks undertaken by all above the grade of agricultural labourers.